THE EARLE of PEMBROKE'S SPEECH IN THE *HOUSE OF PEERES*

VVhen the Seven LORDS were accuſed of *High-Treaſon.*

Copia vera
MIC: OLDSWORTH.

Printed in the Yeare, 1648.

My Lords,

You know I ſeldome make Speeches, yet (my *Lords*) every thing would live; and now I muſt either find a *Tongue*, or loſe my *head*. I am accus'd for *ſitting here when your Lordſhips fled to the Army*; Alas, my *Lords*, I am an old man, I muſt *ſit*; you may ride or run any whither, but I am an old man. You voted them *Traytours who left the Houſe, and went to York*; they told us then they were *forc'd away by Tumults*: do not You ſay ſo too? were they Traytours for *going*, and am I a Traytour for *ſtaying*? 'sDeath (my *Lords*) what would ye have me doe? hereafter Ile neither *go* nor *ſtay*. I have ſerv'd ye ſeven years, what have ye given me, unleſſe part of a *Thanksgiving-Dinner*, for which you made me *faſt* once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the KING's coſt, twice every day, (long before ſome of you were born,) and this KING continued, nay out-did his *Father* in heaping favours upon me: Yet (for your ſakes) I renounc'd my Maſter when he had moſt need of me; *Voted* againſt him, *ſwore* againſt him, hired men to *fight* againſt him: I confeſſe, I my ſelf neither *ſtruck* at him, nor *ſhot* at him; but I pray'd for thoſe that did: I gave my Tenants their Leaſes Fine-free if they would *riſe and reſiſt the* KING. And yet (my *Lords*) after all this muſt I be a *Traytour*? Have I not *ſworn* for ye over and over again? You ſent me on your errands, to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcaſtle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurry'd me up and down as if I had been a *King*: you made me carry a world of *Propoſitions*, I brought them all ſafe and ſound; what you bade me ſay, I ſpake to a ſyllable; and had the KING ask'd me how old I was, without your Commiſſion I ſhould not have told him, and yet (my *Lords*) I am an old man. Remem-

ber how I ſtuck to you againſt *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; ſome of ye ſhrunk at *Strafford's* Tryall, that your Names were like to be *poaſted* with *Malignants*; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him *live*, my Lord of *Northumberland* and others would have no hand in his Bloud, but I gave ye the *caſting voice* which ſent him packing into another world; And yet now would ye ſend me after him? Have I not ſate with you early and late? When the *Parliament* tumbled, and toſs'd, and roll'd it ſelf, on this ſide, and on that ſide, ſtill I was for the *Parliament*; though I ſtay'd here with *Presbyterian Lords*, yet when *you* return'd I was firm for *You*: all the *other* Lords left you in the *Houſe* when Sir *Thomas's* Chaplain *gave thanks* for your *Return*, but I ſtay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an *Independent* as any of ye all. I Rejoic'd with ye, Faſted, ſung Pſalms, Pray'd with you, and (hereafter) will run away with ye. Nay, I had done it now, but who knew your minds? if ye meant I ſhould *follow* ye, why did ye not *wink* upon me? think ye I could run away by *inſtinct*? My *Lords*, you know I love Dogs, and (though I ſay it) I thank God I have as good Dogs as any man in *England*; now (my *Lords*) if a Dog follow me when I do not call him I bid him *be gone*; if I call him and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not comming when I never call'd him, you'l think me mad; 'sDeath (my Lords) *'tis a poor Dog is not worth the whiſtling.*

But perhaps my fault is not meer *ſtaying here*, but being *active* in your abſence, becauſe in my Robes & collar of S-S I brought up Mr *Pelham* the *Commons* new *Speaker*: why, what if I did? Is not Mr *Pelham* my owne *Coſen*? would Your Lordſhips have me uncivill to my *kindred*? why might not I *entertaine* the new *Speaker*, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* intreat us to *admit* him? Mr *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Coſen, and yet Sir *Robert* is an old man.

I heare ſome ſay, that *I was forward to begin a new War*,

that

that *my hand is to all the Warrants for Lasting Men and Horse*; and in order thereunto, *I voted His Majesty should come to London.* 'Tis true (my Lords) I did give my Vote for the KING's comming hither; but wherefore was it? 'twas only to come to choose a New *Speaker*: what, would ye have Vs dumb, and sit here like *Ferrets*? my Lords, I love to hear men *speak*; and all the *Lawyers* told me, *No King, no Speaker*; that either the *Commons* must *name* their *Speaker* and the KING *approve* him, or the KING name him and the *Commons approve* him; *No King, no Speaker*: And so I was *for the King*, that is, *for the Speaker.*

Then (my Lords) observe the *manner* of His comming; the KING was to come *according to the Covenant*; mark ye that? I was still for my *Oathes*: let Him come when He will, if the *Covenant* fetch Him, He had as good stay away. And yet men cry shame on the *Covenant*; those that *took* it do *cast it up* againe; and those that refuse it have given a world of Arguments that it is *Unreasonable*; which *Reasons* our *Assembly* (like a company of Rascals) never yet answer'd. I know (my Lords) many of our friends never took this *Oath*, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience; shall *Malignants* Consciences be as tender as *ours*? why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But (my Lords) suppose this Oath be *Unreasonable*; can we do nothing but we must give *Reason* for it? this is as bad as the House of *Commons*, who when we deny to passe any Ordinance, presently send to know our *Reasons*, though themselves give no *Reasons* for demanding *Ours.* And so Malignants would have *Reasonable* Oaths; only here's the difference, the House of *Commons* do use to *demand* Reasons, and Malignants desire to be suffer'd to *give* Reasons: my Lords, I love not this giving of *Reasons*; though I hold the *Covenant* is Extreame Reasonable; for as some Malignants *take it* to *save* their *Estates*, so we *give* it to make them *lose* their Estates; both *love* the *Estate*, and both *hate* the *Covenant.* Thus (my Lords)

we have *Reaſon* for this Oath, and Your Lordſhips have *No Reaſon* to make me a *Traytour* while I give my Vote *according to the Covenant.*

As for *ſigning Warrants to raiſe a New War*, I wonder you'l ſpeak of it; have not ye all done it a hundred times? how many Reames of Paper have we ſubſcrib'd to raiſe forces *for King and Parliament*? 'tis known I can ſcarce write a word beſides my Name: cannot a man write his own Name without loſing his head? if I muſt give Accompt for what I ſet my hand to, Lord have mercy upon me: I ſee now my Grandfather was a wiſe man, he could neither write nor read, and happy for me if I were ſo too: Come, come my Lords, be plain and tell me, do I look like one that would *raiſe a New War?* I muſt confeſſe I love a good Army, but if there be none till I raiſe it, *Souldiers of Fortune* may change their Names. No, (my Lords) 'twas not I, 'twas the *Eleuen Members* would have *rais'd a War*; you ſee they were guilty by their running away, I neither ran with *Them* nor with *You*, I do not like this *running away*, I love to *ſtay* by it; and whether was for *War*, I that ſtay'd in *Town*, or You that went to an *Army*? the Devill of Horſe did I liſt but in my New Coach, nor us'd any Harneſſe but my Collar of S-S. And will ye for this clap me in the *Tower*? you ſent me thither ſix years ſince for but handling a *Standiſh*, and now you'l commit me for *writing my Name*; what (my Lords) do ye hate Learning? can ye not *end* or *begin* a *Parliament* without ſending me to the *Tower*? Doe Your Lordſhips meane to make me a Lord *Maîor*? If I needs muſt go, I pray ye, ſend me home, to *Baynard's Caſtle* or *Durham Houſe*, (a damnable fire burnt my houſe at *Wilton* juſt that hower I mov'd Your Lordſhips to drive Malignants out of *London.*) But why to the *Tower*? am I company for *Lions*? do ye think me a *Cattamountaine*, fit to be ſhown through a grate for two pence? No, my *Lords*, keep the *Tower* for *Malignants*, they can *endure* it, ſome of them have been Priſoners ſeven years; they

they can feed upon bare *Allegiance*, pleaſe themſelves with Diſcourſes of *Conſcience*, of *Honour*, of a *Righteous Cauſe*, and I know not what: But what's this to me? How will thoſe Malignants look upon *me*? nay, how ſhall I look upon *Them*? I confeſſe ſome of 'em love my *Son's* company, they ſay he's more a *Gentleman*, and ha's *wit*: 'sDeath (my Lords) muſt I now turn *Gentleman*? I thought I had been a *Peer* of the *Realm*, and am I now a *Gentleman*? let my *Son* keep his *Wit*, his poor *Father* ne're got two pence by his *Wit*. Alas, (my Lords) what *hurt* can I do ye? or what *good* will it do ye to have my Head? I am but a *Ward*, my Lord *Say* hath diſpos'd of *me* theſe *ſeven* years; I am no *Lawyer* though the *Littletons* call me *Coſen*; I am no *Scholar*, though I have been their *Chancellour*; I am no *States-man*, though I was a *Privy Counſellour*; I know not what ye mean by the *Three Eſtates*; laſt *June* the *Army* demanded a *Releaſe* for *Lilburne*, *Muſgrove*, and *Overton*, I thought *They* were the *Three Eſtates*: I thank God I have a good Eſtate of my own, and I have the Eſtates of my Lord *Baynings* Children, and I have my Lord of *Carnarvons* Eſtate, theſe are my *Three Eſtates*. And yet (my *Lords*) muſt I to the *Tower*? Conſider we are but a few *Lords* left, come, let's love, and be kind to one another; The *Cavaliers* quarrell'd among themſelves, beat one another, and loſt all: Let Vs be wiſer my Lords; for had we fallen into their condition, my Conſcience tells me we had lookt moſt wofully.

I perceive Your *Lordſhips* begin to think better of me, and I hear you would quit me if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators* and *Generall Councell of the Army*. How? *Agitator*? 'sDeath what's that? who ever heard that word before? I underſtand *Claſſicall*, *Provinciall*, *Congregationall*, *Nationall*, but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three Pence: if *Agitators* cut Noblemens throats you'l find the *Devill* ha's been an *Agitator*. As for the *Generall Councell* I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and

us'd

us'd to be full of *Bishops*; those fellows have troubled us ever since the *Apostles*; I thought we had made 'em orpo enough, and is their *Name* come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these *Generall Councells*, those of old (they say) were *Christians*, and these are *Independents*: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here! *Generall Assembly*, *Generall of the Army*, *Generall Councell of the Army*; we never had quiet hower since we had so many *Generalls*. Well, my Lords, these are hard times, and we make them worse with hards words, which neither we nor our Fathers understood. Heretofore *Bishops* went *Jure Divino*, then *Elders* would be *Jure Divino*, and now *Agitators* will be *Jure Divino*, (Dam me, I think nothing is *Jure Divino* but *God.*) Call ye this a *through Reformation*? what betwixt the *Assemblers* and the *Agitators* I am *reform'd* to meer skin and bone. My *Lords*, if these *'tators* must rule the Kingdome, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? his *abilities* and *honesty* are equall to most of 'em. But (for ought I see) *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Mongomery* than we *Agitators*: for the *Parliament* leads the *people*, the *Army* leads the *Parliament*, Sir *Thomas* leads the *Army*, *Cromwell* leads Sir *Thomas*, *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*, *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*, whither the Devill shall we all lead at last?

My *Lords*, ye see I have spoke my mind; I hope every week some of your *Lordships* will do the like; and the *Commons* in this (though in nothing else) will follow the House of *Peers*.

But I have done, I have done, my *Lords*: Remember I beseech ye I am an old man, I have been a Grandfather *time out of mind* (for I was so when this Parliament began,) and now must I be food for *Agitators*? O my Lords, I have used the KING so ill, and He lov'd me so well, & I have serv'd you so well, and you use me so ill, that no man is sorry for me: Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of sending me to the *Tower*, till some body pities me.

FINIS.